

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:

Arthur W. Stripes, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:

Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, Belmont Tower Bldg.,
11 W. 42nd St.; Chicago, 249 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$4.99 for 1 year. In advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents

Pacifist Pledges

YOU never can tell which way flaming youth will flame. Sometimes it goes in for sport roadsters and night clubs. Sometimes it goes in for high-powered religion. Sometimes it goes in for political reform, socialism or communism. A generation ago the student volunteer movement was in full flower and thousands were swept into foreign mission work under the spell of "evangelization of the world in this generation". Many a good man and woman buried themselves trying to convert Moslems and Hindus to occidental Christianity which now a good many of them are beginning to doubt themselves.

Now we have a new outlet for student enthusiasm in pacifism. Sherwood Eddy is bell wether to those who take a pledge they will never fight in any war. A small number of Willamette students have signed this pledge and will let their brothers get killed if occasion arises and the country needs to be defended. They regard all war as a sin, and propose to free themselves from its curse. It becomes a matter of conscience with them and they propose to keep their conscience clear at all costs.

Whether these consecrated young men will forget their pledges like the European socialists in 1914, when the band goes marching by we do not know. Some have attributed the downfall of the Roman empire to the Christianization of the army so the legions become poor fighters, their minds being set on the second coming and the new Jerusalem. But recent events attest the fact that the people of the world have not outgrown belligerency. As long as the fighting instinct prevails it has to be reckoned with. So long as there are religious and racial and political prejudices which easily inflame human beings who still are controlled by their emotions rather than their reasoning, it is too early to declare that war is a thing of the past.

In the glow of youthful enthusiasm students are apt to be swept away by the appeal of passionate phrase-makers. But a binding pledge is a dangerous adventure. One may not easily foresee the circumstances of the next quarter century. We hate war and hope never to see it again. But we want to retain full liberty to grab a musket if the necessity arises.

Col. Bartram Experts Russia

COL. BARTRAM is at last in his element. This soldier of fortune, veteran of the wars, and "flax expert" is now trying his hand in Russia with a program that calls for planting over four million acres in flax in Russia. Already the colonel has traveled from into the hinterland of the soviet union, has "lived with the peasants" and has "sensed the temper of soviet life". He has already prepared two "voluminous reports" on flax growing in Russia and proposes the immediate mechanization of the flax industry, according to an interview in the Moscow News.

We can well imagine the favor with which the colonel is received. Russia has a perfect frenzy for "mechanization" and for foreign "experts". The colonel, with his military manner, his crisp assertiveness, his flair for publicity along with his sense of the value of mystery should be the lion of the hour in Moscow.

The colonel knows how quickly to change masters. In this country his "out" last year was the wicked soviet which he asserted was dumping flax at ruinous prices. Here too he worked for a high protective tariff. Now in Russia the colonel gives prompt approval of the soviet program which he says "is going to revolutionize commerce as we have understood it in the past." He condemns tariffs as a great burden and an artificial barrier. His final summary represents the supreme self-sacrifice for which the colonel was always noted here:

"I have always held that in the accomplishment of anything worth-while, one must make sacrifices and include the welfare of the people in any plans."

We shall watch with interest the reports of the colonel's progress. We have not the slightest doubt that he will be growing flax all over Russia and that the flax-puller business will thrive wonderfully. And from a competitive standpoint we can only hope that all the Russian industries are in the hands of similar "experts".

The season again for storms. And the papers tell of gales lashing coast, of storms in the north Atlantic. Heavy rains caused a landslide in the Panama canal, and shipping was tied up. A Greek steamer sank in the Bay of Biscay, a coastwise steamer piled up on the rocks of Point Reyes. Oregon felt a chill from the shifting of the scenes, snows coming in the mountains to form the backdrop of the winter picture. Depressions may come and go, but the weather continues forever, its moods and whims the occasion for sustained interest on the part of the public.

Weber A. Hattrem was sentenced to 8 years in the penitentiary following conviction on a charge of embezzling the assets of a financial company. That is due punishment for one of the financial racketeers who have robbed the people of the state in recent years. There are plenty of men who steal second-hand autos, forge fifty dollar checks; but there is still room for some of the silk-stocking crooks who got away with tens of thousands of other people's money.

An organizer found enough suckers in Bend to form a "Twenty-Three" club—not cents, years. Eligible are the young bloods aged 20-30. With the old clubs about ready for a receivership for age, obesity, non payment of dues, and intellectual poverty these fellows show their courage to start a new club. Still, the organizers will probably get a meal ticket out of it as long as it lasts.

Theodore Dreiser goes to Kentucky to lecture editors and judges on law and ethics; but flouts the moral law and the statutes of Kentucky by cohabiting with a female. Dreiser is quite a literary bum. His stuff is prolix, dull, devoid of art. He has been merely a vogue; now he shows up a rogue. His trip did more harm than good to the oppressed miners of Kentucky.

Congressman Beck says the farm relief scheme is dead. He doesn't realize the powers of survival of people in nice swivel chair jobs at ten thousand a year. We predict that farming will continue to be relieved (by the bureaucrats) for many long years to come.

The Nizam of Hyderabad with a two billion rating, paid a former caliph \$200,000 cash and a million in jewels for his daughter and niece for wives for his sons. If wives come that high what would divorce be worth in Hyderabad?

Flowers have been bursting into bloom so fast on the board of trade and stock exchange we can't help but expect a sharp freeze before long. Remember the phrase from first year Latin: One bird does not make a spring!

The president's brother-in-law got arrested on a liquor charge in southern California. And King Carol's brother eloped with a commoner. The great have their troubles too.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman:
In this morning's issue of The Statesman, there appeared a brief item, in which I was quoted as saying that it would be a good thing for this country if three or four million Japanese and Chinese were killed in a war, or in other words "what difference would a slaughter of that kind make?"
Whoever wrote the item misunderstood what I said, as my statement was not correctly reported. As I was using a telephone in The Statesman office last night, some person asked me what I thought of the impending war between the Japanese and Chinese. I replied as follows:
"If the Chinese and Japanese want to fight and kill off three or four million people that is their business."
I certainly made no statement, implied or otherwise, that I favored commercializing war to assist in rejuvenating business conditions in the United States.
W. A. PETTIT.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 12, 1906
Willamette university yesterday battled University of Washington to a 0 to 0 draw in the football game on the Seattle field. It was said to be one of the most hotly contested battles ever fought on a Seattle gridiron.

Benjamin Gholson yesterday morning was shot and killed at his sleeping apartment by Victor E. D'Anna. The murderer then turned the gun on himself with fatal results.

The Marion County Principals' club yesterday was organized at the teachers' institute here.

November 12, 1921
That the Ku Klux Klan is well organized in Salem and is recruiting members rapidly here was asserted last night by King Kleagle L. B. Callaway of the Oregon realm.

City police officers last night raided Salem's Chinatown and confiscated quantities of opium, opium pipes, lamps and bowls, and a pint of yeast-ine, opium pipe scrapings. Two Chinese were arrested.

Whitman college yesterday defeated Willamette university in football at Walla Walla, Wash., to the tune of 25 to 0. The Bearcats outplayed the Missionaries in the first quarter but the Whitmanies came back strong.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporter asked this question: "Do you feel the United States will ever engage in another war?"

Stephen A. Stone, news man: "Oh, I don't know. I hope not."

Irl S. McSherry, Capital Post No. 9, Legion commander: "I think as long as the United States is composed of individuals there is always possibility of another war. I think we ought to be prepared so as to prevent the useless sacrifice of thousands of young men."

Vivian Douglass, Linfield student: "Yes, I do; and I think it will be so soon it won't even be funny. Say in another four years."

R. Martig, laborer: "I'm too busy thinking about the war to feed my family."

Daily Thought

"They never fall who died in a great cause. The block may soak their gore, Their heads be sodden in the sun, Their limbs be strung to city gates or castle walls, But still their spirit walks abroad."—Burns.

REBEKANS FINISH HOMECOMING PLANS

SILVERTON, Nov. 11 — Tryphena Rebekah Lodge is completing plans for the annual homecoming autumn event. This year it will be held Thursday, Nov. 19 and early plans give promise of its being an interesting affair.

A large number of out-of-town "old-timers" are expected to return for the homecoming.

Committees have been appointed and are at work outlining their plans. The entertainment committee is composed of Pearl Allen, Frances Gouril and Lois Riches.

The refreshment committee is Myrtle Stewart, Mary Andrews and Ella Reed and these will choose their helpers. In charge of the decorations are Sylvia Allen, Faye Reuwick and Alice Egan.

An Englishman flew from England to Australia in his carpet slippers. Travel is getting altogether too comfortable.

Sen. Caraway of Arkansas is dead; but there is no net gain because Huey (hooley) Long is coming up from Louisiana.

Gandhi has a goat and Grandi has a goat.

Portland is now finding out what its CHEST measure is.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: Children's Clothes as Safety Measure in Traffic.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

John Brown's son in Salem: as fast as their swift horses could carry them. Quoting the Hubbard book:

"The men (the Browns) dismounted and leaving the six horses in charge of Oliver, they separated, 20 feet apart, and walked briskly forward. On approaching the house they found it surrounded by a cordon of mounted men, a full score in number.

"Salmon cocked his gun and drew a bead on a horseman who stood out against the sky, not 50 yards away. In a whisper he begged his father for permission to shoot, but he was ordered to put down his gun. Then he wanted to kill the horse—it would create a panic! But no, John Brown would not have it. The five men withdrew into a thicket to consult.

"Let each one of us pick his man—that will drop five of them, and the rest will likely scatter. Then as they run we can get a few more—it's the only way," said Owen.

"No, if we shoot, they will kill Branson. It's barely possible they only want to arrest him, and scare him thoroughly, then order him out of the country," said Frederick.

"I think Fred is right," said the father. "We must shed no blood unless it is positively necessary. If they are taking Branson away we will rescue him, and we may get him away alive; but if we begin to shoot now, we spoil our one chance of saving him!"

"Fall in!" came a clear, ringing voice from the house a quarter of a mile away. (The orderliness of the mob convinced John Brown that it was a sheriff's posse. Reading on from the book, quoting the order of John Brown.)

"Lay low, boys, cock your guns, and under no condition shoot until they do. At the first sign they give of fight, pour in the lead on 'em and kill as many as you can! The place where they crouched was a hazel patch, not 10 feet from the roadway, that was lined on both sides by the low bushes. The approaching horsemen were only 100 yards away—75—50. Old man Brown had left his rifle in the bushes and crawled out and lain flat down in the road. As the gray horse of the leader

All hell had been turned loose since the election. The territory of the most offensive of them had been surprised in their homes and flogged and warned to leave the territory, which they did, and others were on the point of going, fearing the same fate. The pro-slavery mobs were more wary with the men like the Browns, knowing they were armed and ready for a fight.

The bogus legislature passed a law making it a crime to attend abolition meetings. John Brown wrote a letter to Sheriff Jones, who lived at Westport, Mo., and was also the postmaster there, that he had attended abolitionist meetings at Oawatomie, and if his act was against the law, the sheriff was invited to come out and arrest him. Jones replied that if Brown considered himself guilty of breaking the law, he would better come in and give himself up. Jones added a polite postscript that he had his eye on the Browns and would look after their case later.

Charles Dow, favorite anti-slavery neighbor, was that day shot and killed. His partner, Jacob Branson, had witnessed the act. This, of course, made Branson a marked man, for certain death, at the hands of the pro-slavery crowd. The Browns hurried that night, the moment they heard the news, to the Dow-Branson home on the prairie, riding

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

While the newboys shouted, "All about the big gang killing," Fanchon Meredith and a man named Tony planned their getaway. Tony gives Fanchon \$4,000 and reserves passage for her under the name of "Miss Smith" on an airplane chartered by the wealthy Mr. Eames enroute to New York. A fellow passenger, whom she had previously met on the boat coming from Hawaii, recognizes Fanchon. She is Evelyn Howard, Evelyn is going to live with the wealthy Mrs. Allison Carstairs, an aunt, whom she has never seen. Fanchon envies Evelyn flying to happiness, while she is trying to escape because she was Tony's girl—Tony, who lied his way through life and whom she had innocently accepted on face value. Fanchon confides in Evelyn about her love for Tony. The police are searching for Fanchon, "The Mystery Woman." Fanchon asks Evelyn to enlist her aunt's aid in securing a position for her, but Evelyn becomes aloof. The plane crashes. Fanchon is the only survivor.

CHAPTER VI
If "Miss Smith" had died Tony could never find her again, never come to claim her. If "Miss Smith" had died the whole dreadful time of panic, the "miss" days, would be forgotten, would be as if they had never existed.

Could not Miss Smith die? thought Fanchon, who lived. She looked down at her arm. Evelyn Howard said the small black letters sewn neatly on the handkerchief, small black symbols, avenues of escape.

Evelyn was dark of hair, she had blue eyes—and her hair was dabbled now with a crimson stain, her eyes were closed.

Evelyn was twenty-four. Fanchon a scant two years younger. They were the same height, the same slender build although Fanchon's figure was beauty itself and Evelyn's passable only. But Fanchon's hair was dark and Fanchon's eyes were blue.

She thought rapidly, looking away from the other girl— "If I go to New York—as Evelyn. Mrs. Carstairs does not know her niece. Could I play the part of an impostor?"

In that case, Miss Smith would of the party was almost upon him, he arose like a shadow and called: "Halt! . . . The first man with a gun dies—my men are lying all about here, with cocked rifles drawn on you!"

(A parley followed. John Brown called: "My men can kill every one of you in 10 seconds, if I give the word—here, Salmon, hold your rifle on Mr. Jones, and move out in the road." A tall form arose and the moon sent a gleam of light across the gun barrel that was pointed straight at the breast of Jones.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" pleaded Jones in a trembling voice.

"Now, where is Branson?" demanded John Brown.

"Here I am," came a voice from the center of the group of horsemen.

"Hold forward, Branson." "I can't—I'm tied and a man is holding my mule."

"For Christ sake, back there, turn that mule loose and give the brute a kick to send it forward; I am looking down a gun," roared Sheriff Jones.

"Hold your rifle on Jones, Salmon, and bore him through the heart if a man in the line makes a move." Brown took hold of the lariat that was around the mule's neck and led the animal into the bushes.

"Hold your head on him, Salmon! Steady, boys, don't shoot unless they try it first! Now, Jones! Forward—d-d m-m-march!" The posse moved forward as one rider. . . . Old man Brown put his ear to the ground; the fast receding hoof-beats were a mile away. (Continued tomorrow.)

representative of the law; fearing to see Tony again. If Tony once found her he would never let her go; not only because he loved her, because he desired her and had kept that desire in check, but because now, she knew too much. She was, in her own person, irrevocably committed to Tony. If he found her, if he demanded that she marry him and she refused, she would have no peace, could feel no safety. Tony was, she now knew, crafty, vindictive, striking from the dark, concerned only with the dangerous, selfish laws he had made and with no other.

Howard, with "Miss Smith" dead, was safe . . . for all time . . . from Tony and his arduous, his suspicions and his demands.

She had been walking, how long—? ten minutes . . . twenty minutes—? half an hour—? when the rescue party found her. Farmers they were, from the districts outlying the small town, the smoke of which she had seen. They came across the fields and through the underbrush, having left their cars on the country road. They carried stretchers, restoratives, bandages. A doctor was with them.

She heard their voices, she heard them crashing through a little thicket just ahead. She ran toward the blessed sound of human tones, human footsteps. She called. She sobbed, she beat her hands together.

Have YOU Seen This Tire?

The Western Giant Super Whipcord

America's Most Distinctive Tire . . .

... the tire that is revolutionizing motoring. . . . It beautifies any car . . . it harmonizes with the snappy lines of new car bodies and modernizes older cars . . . and . . .

Your Absolute Satisfaction Is Assured By This Sweeping GUARANTEE . . .

Super Whipcord Tires Are Guaranteed to:

- Ride Easier
- Steer Easier
- Provide Greater Safety
- Provide Better Side-Wall Protection
- Provide Better Traction on Wet Pavements, in deep sand and mud.

Super Whipcord Tires . . . are also guaranteed without time limit, against blow-outs, bruises, rim cuts or failures from any defect; and to give you more mileage than any other tire you have ever used. Should adjustment be necessary, it will be made on a service charge basis, guaranteed to be Satisfactory To You. . . .

Come in and see the Western Giant SUPER WHIPCORD tire today, and learn about our money-saving Introductory Trade-In Allowance on your old tires . . . SEE SUPER WHIPCORDS TODAY. . . .!

170 Stores in the West-

Western Auto Supply Co.

Salem Store, 201 N. Commercial
Tel. 7177

MORTGAGES INVESTMENTS INSURANCE

Such an Investment MUST BE GOOD

When the insurance companies loan MILLIONS on carefully appraised residential and farm properties, such an investment must be both safe and profitable.

Yet, exactly the same type of properties secure the mortgages we can supply for your investment requirements.

Call on us, or phone 4109

Hawkins & Roberts, Inc.

Second Floor, Oregon Building, Salem